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CRADLE-SONGS OF NEGROES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following cradle-song is still to be heard in the cabins of the negroes of this State ; it has the sound of a wild triumphant death chant : —

Dar 'll be no mo' sighing, no mo' sighing,
O, no mo' sighing ober me, ober me ;
An' befo' I 'll be a slave,
I 'll be carried to my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

Dar 'll be no mo' crying, no mo' crying,
O no mo' crying ober me, ober me,
An' befo' I 'll be a slave,
I 'll be carried to my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

Dar 'll be no mo' weeping, no mo' weeping,
O no mo' weeping ober me, ober me,
An' befo' I 'll be a slave,
I 'll be carried to my grave,
An' go home to my Lord and be free.

Dar 'll be no mo' slavery, no mo' slavery,
O no mo' slavery ober Dar, ober Dar,
An' befo' I 'll be a slave,
I 'll be carried to my grave,
An' go home to my Lord and be free.

Another cradle-song proceeds as follows : —

De old Mosa He am trabeling,
De old Mosa He am trabeling,
O He am trabeling heaby dis way,
He 'll take dis pore old nigger in His arms to glory.
For He come trabeling dis way.
I hears Him stepping on de treetops,
I hears Him stepping on de treetops,
O doan you hear dem bending low,
O de old Mosa He am trabeling,
O good Lord come heaby an' let dis pore old nigger go.

E. M. Backus.

HIGH POINT, N. C.